WHEN IT WAS DARK---STORY OF A GERAT CONSPIRACY

Guy Thonne's Religious Novel Which Has Created a Great Sensation in America and Europe. (Copyright 1904 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Helena.

He pictured the pleasant dining room at Walktown, the Sunday night's supper-an institution at the Vicarage after the labors of the busiest day in the week-with a guest or two perhaps.

He knew they would be thinking of him, as he of them, and pictured the love-light in his lady's sweet, calm eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER NI.

"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE."
Autumn came to London, a warm, lingering season. There was a bint of the South in the atmosphere of town. All business moved with languor; there was more enjoyment in life as people went and came through the streets under so ripe and genial a sun.

Gortre had settled down to steady, regular work. At no time before had a routine been so pleasant to him. His days were full of work, which, hard as it was, came to him with far more appeal than his duties at Walktown. Nothing ever stagnated here, at the very hub and center of things.

The splendid energy and force of Father Ripon, the magnificent unconvention of his methods, animated his staff to constant and unflagging exertions.

his methods, animated his staff to constant and unflagging exertions.
Gortra feit that he was suddenly "grown up," that his life before had been spent in futile playtime compared to the present. One central fact in St. Mary's parish held all the great organization together. This was the daily services in the great church. Priests, deacons, sisters of mercy, school teachers, and lay helpers all drew their strength and inspiration from this source. The daily Eucharist, matins, evensong, were both a stimulus and stimulant of enormous power.

Church brought the mysteries in which they lived, moved, and had their being into intimate relation with every circumstance of daily life.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

How the Trouble Started.

"Talk about human beings having descended from such las you!" exclaimed Poll., "They're much more likely to have evolved from birds. You can't speak their language, and I can."

"I don't dony." responded Jocko, "that they got their long tongues from your family."

It was then that the two had their celebrated monkey and parrot time.—Chicago

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

